

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Tiller of the Soil.

BY DAVID L. ROATH.

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
A hardy, sunburnt man;
No sturdier man you'll ever see,
Though all the world you scan.
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
You'll find him at his toil—
Or, far above the knight of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

No weighty bars secure his door,
No ditch is dug around;
His walls no cannone bristle o'er.
No dead is on his ground.
A peacefulaborer is he,
Unknown in Earth's turmoil—
From many crushing toils he free,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

His tracts are seen on every side,
His barns are filled with grain;
Though others had not fortune's tide,
He labors not in vain.
The land gives up a rich increase,
The sweat reward of toil;
And blesst with happiness and peace,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

He trudges out at break of day,
And takes his way along;
And as he toils, he yields clay.
He is a joyful man,
He is no dull unhappy wight,
Bound in misfortune's coil;
The smile is bright, the heart is light,
Or the Tiller of the Soil!

And when the orb of day has crown'd
With its gold the Western sky,
Before the sun is found,
With cheerful face he goes,
With little laughing departures,
Cares less not spoil;

Oh, joy at every side awaits
The Tiller of the Soil!

A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
A hardy, sunburnt man;
But when he labors, he labors so free,
As he, the Tiller, can!

Now summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
The power has to foil—
Oh, far above the knight of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

Genetic Words.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on these;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;

But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

The Fratricide.

Long ago, when the Turks were still in quiet possession of the country, he lived in this village with his father and his only sister. The old man was very aged; and to the instinctive hatred which the Greeks seem at all times to have felt towards these their bitter enemies, he added all the rancour which a long life of compulsive submission to an abhorred yoke and to continued insult could not fail to produce. His son shared these feelings with all the strength of a fierce proud spirit; not so his daughter, the gentle gazelle-eyed Daphne. Doubtless, like an true Greek, she deplored her country's slavery, and her Hellenic blood boiled within her when her father had to crouch before a despot tyrant, or, like herself, to shrink trembling from some fierce Moslem's gaze; but the eyes of the young Achmet, the only son of the village Aya, were very mild and gentle; they never turned on her but with a gaze both eloquent and timid—his voice at least was soft and low, and that voice had told her that he loved her better than any thing on earth; and Daphne, though she knew that to love him was to love persecution and misery and death perhaps, yet learned to feel for him so deep and passionate a tenderness, that country, father, friends, and home, all lost their hold on her young heart, and left him reigning there alone.

Not less profound was the attachment felt for her by the young Moslem; but carefully, in trembling, did he conceal it from all eyes, knowing too well that the disclosure would probably insure their mutual destruction—for Daphne had but to look at that vindictive old man, and stern, unyielding brother, to feel sure they never would allow their blood to flow unavenged in the veins of our allied to their country's foe.

The young lovers succeeded, however, in keeping their attachment secret, till they found means to bring matters to a crisis. Some suspicions had, it appears, long rankled in the mind of the son; but the father himself had never dreamt that a few soft, whispered words had made his child already a renegade to her country, till one fatal morning, when he called for her as usual, to bring him his pipe when he rose, and for the first time was unanswered. When this seemingly trifling circumstance occurred, her brother, who was seated beside him, started up, as though moved by some strong impulse, and flew into the inner room, where she ought to have been, but he found that she was not there. It required but a moment to complete his search, still ineffectual, round the little garden and vineyard, whose limits she had never dared to pass before; and then returned to his father's presence to announce her disappearance with so perfect a conviction of the truth that his furious rage knew no bounds. He scolded not to communicate his fears to the father, and the bitter tidings were as the falling of a thunderbolt to the wretched old man, with a cry of rage and horror he bid his son go forth to seek her, and tear her living or dead from their detested enemy. The infuriated man required no second bidding; he dashed from the house, mounted his horse, and was soon careering through the village seeking the smallest indication of the route the fugitives had taken. This for some time seemed a vain attempt. Achmet Aya was known to be absent, but none could tell whether he had gone; at length a sufficient clue was given him by an old woman, who had passed the night on the plain, gathering herbs by moonlight, the necessary ingredients of some infallible remedy. She said that she had been greatly terrified by a vision which had passed her—she had first seen a whirlwind of dust approaching, and as she knew, according to a popular superstition in Greece, that each one of these eddies, which the wind sometimes raises in fantastic circles along the road, contains a demon who wreathes himself in them that may dance therein unseen, she crouched behind a bush, and made the sign of the cross incessantly, whilst a huge black horse, bearing a double burden, flew past her at a furious pace. The outraged brother had only paused to ask in which direction they had gone, and when she had pointed to the road which led to Marathon, he vanished from her sight, still faster than the ghostly horseman of the night before.

When he reached the village of Marathon it was already late in the evening; but he had no difficulty in ascertaining that Achmet Aya had arrived that day, and had retired within a Turkish tower belonging to his father, which stood in an isolated position at some little distance. Thither he instantly repaired. It was surrounded by a high wall, but this the Greek, young and active, scaled in a moment, and dropped lightly and noiselessly within the garden which it enclosed. The first sight that met his eyes was his sister, who, in her fancied security, had come to enjoy the cool evening air, beneath the shade of the mulberry-trees, and was standing alone, evidently waiting for some companion. There was one near her, however, whom she dreamt not of; her brother silently approached her, and as he did so, he unsheathing the carbine that was strapped ready-loaded on his shoulder. At the sound of his footstep close to her, Daphne started, and looked round to meet his fierce eyes, fixed on her with so stern and resolute a gaze, that in one terrible look she read and knew her doom. The extremity of terror has generally the effect of paralysing the faculties altogether; and this was the case with poor Daphne. She stood as though transfigured, her great eyes riveted on her brother, and mechanically following his every movement with a sort of dreadful fascination. Vainly would she have striven to use her powerless limbs in flight; her bloodless lips refused even to utter a cry, and some invisible power seemed to hold her there before him, who now deemed himself but the instrument of her country's just revenge. Calmly, not a muscle of his stern countenance moving, not a moment's dimness moistened his angry eye, her brother raised the musket to his shoulder, adjusted it, took aim, and fired! A few steps only separated those children of the same parent, and the shot could not fail: the bold went straight to her heart, and with one single groan—but not a groan was never forgotten by him who heard it—Daphne fell lifeless to the ground.

He did not wait to look on her, rushing from the spot, he once more leapt the wall, mounted his horse, and fled, as men fly who bear with them the knowledge of a deed like this. He rested not till he reached home, and stood once more by his father's side. Unconsciously to himself, he seemed to have longed for the old man's commendation of this atrocious act, as a relief to the sharp sting which, in spite of every effort, pierced him now. He knew not human nature when he cherished such a hope. It is true he had but done the old man's bidding—but he went forth at the command of the patriot; he returned to tell the father he had slain his child! dreadful, therefore, was indeed the punishment of the fratricide, for the father cursed him with all the energy of his despair, and then turned away to weep and lament, and refuse all food, until he dropped and died; and thus was the miserable man left alone with so heavy a remorse: and it has been to him as the avenger of blood. It has tracked his steps and haunted his pillow, and dried up the sources of joy and hope within him, till he seems to be daily growing into the image of the punishment that pursues him. —*Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks.*

From Hazlitt's advice to his son going home from school, we select the following item, which contains more sound sense, and a deeper perception of human nature than is dreamt of in every one's philosophy:

THE WORLD.—Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in—here.

If evil would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago—but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has, is *want of charity*, and calling knave for fool at every turn will not cure this ailment.

Consider as a matter of vanity that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be;—and (as a matter of philosophy,) that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them, for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human nature; but with itself, for it is laying its own exaggerated vices and foul plots at the doors of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate unqualified satire can do little good, and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves *always* set *fairest* *examples*, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

The Royal Widow.

There has been some little amendment of late in the health of the Duchess of Orleans,

and the joy which the event has given rise

has been some compensation to the royal

circle for all the tribulations and vexations

from without. It is said that she has at

length found a new interest in life to divert

her mind from the morbid contemplation

of the sorrow which has been sapping her very

existence. She has undertaken a work

suit to the gravity of her intellect, and

well calculated to employ the fruits of the

study and meditation to which she has devoted

herself for the last five years. It is a

history of the Philosophy of the Middle Ages,

and those who have been admitted to her in-

timacy speak in the highest terms of the deep

research and powerful thinking displayed in

its execution. It is in occupations of this

nature, diversified by the superintendence

of the education of her children, that the

royal widow passes the whole of her days,

seeming not to have moved with time in his

progress, since the hour which bereft her of

hope and happiness fell like a thunderbolt,

and crushed her as if to rise no more. Her

favorite boudoir at the Tuilleries, and from

which she rarely stirs save to pay her even-

ing visit to the Queen, is an exact counter-

part of the one allotted to her at the

country palace of Ludwigsburg, where she

passed her happy childhood, and when she

first received the intimation that the choice of

the Prince Royal of France had fallen upon

her. The small organ placed beneath

the magnificent portrait of the late Duke,

by Ingres, is the very one upon which she

was playing a symphony by Sebastian Bach

when her brother entered with joyous coun-

tenance to announce the news. Sometimes

at twilight the promenaders in the garden

can hear the sounds of that organ and the

notes of that very symphony as they come

through the open window like harmony from

Heaven. To those who know the tale it

seems the sad requiem of the good and brave,

the evening prayer for his repose. I have

myself seen among the fair listeners many

a bright eye dimmed with tears ere that

strain was concluded. The duchess touches

the organ with a master hand, and is re-

markable for the one great excellence of

dooming all things worthy of being well

done.—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

A Summer Night in Greece.

It is indeed a wonderful thing, a summer

night in Greece, or rather the space between

the setting and rising of the sun; for it can-

not be called night where there is no dark-

ness, no chilling dews, no sleep. People

sleep during the hot languid hours of the day,

and they are thankful to wake, that

they may revive under the delicious influ-

ence of the faint night-breezes, so mild, so

soft, that they seem to be but the gentle

breathing of the earth; we may even

hear the voices of the birds, and the hum of

the insects, as though they were

the only sounds in the world.

—*Dr. Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

Channing on Books.—In the best books

great men talk to us, with us, and give us

our most precious thoughts. Books are the

voices of the distant and the dead.

Books are the true levellers. They give to

all who will faithfully use them, the society

and the presence of the best and the greatest

of our race. No matter how poor I am; no

matter though the prosperous of my own

time seem to be more fortunate than I am;

no matter how poor I am; no

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matter how poor I am; no

matter how poor I am; no

matter how poor I am; no

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